In Sync

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by Ebyru

Summary

Hannibal's office is filled with so much enjoyable music that Will wants to dance to it.

Notes

Un-beta’d sorry. And I know I could add smut, but I didn't feel like it was necessary. Also, I can't describe dancing to save my life...

Asked for by baconsareinfectious : *“Hannibal coaxes Will to dance and Will is reluctant and so he comes up with excuses that he doesn't know how to and so Hannibal forces Will to get his ass up so that Hannibal can teach him. And of course, Will appears to be really reluctant and passive but he is actually super shy and enjoys it secretly.”*

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal watches Will as his knee bounces against the fabric of the chaise longue. He's enjoying the new, upbeat song Hannibal has put on – though it's still classical and without any lyrics to speak of. It's perfect for the quickstep or swinging someone around a spacious room (or office). And Will smiles almost expectantly when Hannibal looks up into his eyes—

Maybe he would like to be dipped and kissed soundly on his clever mouth; have his sharp tongue mellowed with a skilled partner swaying him around and around…

Straightening his tie in anxious preparation, Hannibal asks, "Would you like to dance?"

Will's eyes dart from one piece of furniture to the next, settling on the stag statue he seems so very fond of. "I- *what*?"

Hannibal opens his mouth, but Will cuts in with: "No, I don't think that would be a very good idea."

"Why not? You are already responding to the notes at a subconscious level, and I am skilled enough to provide assistance." Hannibal smiles, leaning forward on his leather chair. "Unless it is because you find it unprofessional."

Will rubs at his stubble with his knuckles. "Well, you *are* my psychiatrist."

"In a matter of speaking, yes. But I would prefer you see me as a friend first and foremost," Hannibal says, smoothing his hair back. "Now, can you stand for me?"

It might be the fact that Will is attuned to Hannibal's emotions, and can sense he will not allow no for an answer; or it may just be because he enjoys the music more than he'd likely admit – but he stands without another word of protest.

"I don't think--"

He stops speaking when Hannibal places one hand at the small of his back, and the other in the palm of his hand, intertwining their fingers. Will looks down at their feet, mere inches apart. Hannibal tells him gently, "I understand that you are uncomfortable with eye contact, but in formal dance it is recommended."

"I'll step on your toes if I don't look down, Hannibal."

The sound of his name without 'doctor' before it makes Hannibal buzz with excitement. "As you wish, Will."

And they are off; Will's feet clumsily follow Hannibal's at first with the first lap around the office. Then, he becomes more comfortable with the physical contact, the closeness, the sway of the music echoing through them, and he becomes swift as the tempo. Hannibal leads, and

he follows obediently, his hand griping at moments when he thinks he might trip or fall out of beat. But Hannibal is there, at each stumble, each awkward melodic shift of their constantly moving feet, to drag him towards safety.

The song continues; a high-energy rhythm forcing them to quicken their flow. Will presses closer on the next twirl, losing his footing, and Hannibal holds in the groan of having so much body heat pressed this close. Eyes fluttering, Will looks up. His glasses are sliding down his nose, but Hannibal concentrates on the glazed blue of his eyes, searching for meaning. Trying to understand how they went from wine-drinking to waltzing.

Lately, Will has been offering longer gazes; moments where they contemplate cases in silence, reading each other's faces, shamelessly making eye contact. Today is one of those days as well.

Hannibal squeezes Will's palm to remind him that they are still moving, but he startles and trips over a loose shoelace. He falls towards Hannibal's chest, both hands pressed to stomach and hip.

"S-sorry. I told you I wasn't very good," he mumbles out, pushing up his glasses. He glances off to the side.

"Nonsense. You were momentarily distracted." He grips Will's shoulder because he wants to feel the warmth that's been taken; wants to offer some of his. But mostly because he *can*. "Perhaps you would like to try again during our next meeting?"

"I'll consider it," he says, not without a dash of playful humour. He smiles, honest and subtle.

Hannibal leans close to whisper, "We could have more privacy at my home."

Will nearly sways into him with his intake of breath. Without checking, Hannibal knows his heart is pounding a military beat against his chest. He hungers to dance again, in more ways than Hannibal is saying.

After a length of time, Hannibal's hand trailing absentmindedly against Will's shoulder, he replies, "I'd like that." Takes two careful steps inside Hannibal's personal space. "When will you be available?"

End Notes

comments appreciated. :)

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